









Rare  
Small

P.R.

3291

.53

1693



THE  
Counter-Scuffle.

Written by R. S.

---

Whereunto is added

The IRISH ENTERTAINMENT.

Written by W. & G.

---



4

---

Dublin; Printed by Robert Thornton, Stationer to Their Majesties; and are to be Sold by the Booksellers. 1693. 4



Copyright 2011

Written by R. S.

Whereas is added

THE IRISH ENTERTAINMENT.

Whitely W. & G.



Dublin: Printed by Robert Thomas, at the 'Three Graces' Press, and at the 'Three Graces' Press, 1794.

# The Counter-Scuffle.

**L** Et that Majestick Pen that writes  
 of brave K. *Arthur* and his Knights,  
 And of their noble feats and fights;  
 And those who tell of mice and frogs,  
 And of the Skirmishes of hogs,  
 And of fierce Bears and Mallice-dogs  
 be silent.

And now let each one listen well,  
 While I the famous Battel tell  
 In *Woodstreet-Counter* that befel  
 in high Lent.

In which great Scuffle only twain  
 Without much hurt, or being slain,  
 Immortal Honour did obtain  
 by merit.

One was a *Captain* in degree,  
 A strong and lusty man was he,  
 T'other a *Trades-man* bold and free  
 of spirit.

And tho he was a man of force,  
 He had a stomack like a Horse,  
 And in his rage had no remorse  
 or pittie



*The Counter-scuffle.*

And full nimble could he cuff and clout,  
 And was accounted without doubt,  
 One of the prettiest sparks about

the City.

And at his weapon any way  
 He could perform a single fray  
 Even from the long Pike to the *Tay-*  
*lors* Bodkin.

He reckt not for his flesh a jot,  
 He fear'd not *Englisb-man* nor *Scot*,  
 For *man* or *monster* car'd he not

a Dodkin.

For fighting was his recreation,  
 And like a man in desperation,  
 For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*

he car'd not.

And in his anger (cause being given)  
 To lift his hand 'gainst good Sir *Steven*,  
 Or any *Justice* under Heaven

he fear'd not.

He durst his Enemy withstand,  
 Or at *Tergoes* or *Calis-Sand*,  
 And bravely there with sword in hand  
 would greet 'em.

And noble *Ellis* was his name,  
 Who 'mong his foes to purchase fame  
 Not cared though the *Devil* came

to meet him.

And



And this brave *Goldsmith* was the man  
Who first this worthy Brawl began,  
Which after ended in a can

of mild Beer

But had you seen him when he fought,  
How eagerly for blood he sought,  
There's no man but would have him *thought*  
a wild Bear.

Imagine now you see a score  
Of mad-cap Gentlemen, or more,  
Boys that did use to rant and rore,  
and swagger.

Among the which were three or four  
That rul'd themselves by wisdoms lore,  
Whose very Grandfires scarcely wore  
a dagger.

A *Priest* and *Lawyer*, men will read,  
In wiping spoons and chipping bread,  
And falling too, short Grace being sed,  
full roundly.

Whose hungry maws no Sallets need,  
Good appetites therin to breed,  
Their stomachs without sauce could feed  
profoundly.

'Twas ill that men of sober diet,  
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet,  
Were place'd with *Ruffins* that to riot  
were given.  
And

And (O great grief) even from their food  
(Their stomachs too being strong and good)  
And that sweet place whereon it stood  
be driven.

But here 'tis fitting I repeat  
What food our dainty Prisoners eat,  
But if in placing of the meat  
and dishes,

From curious order I do swerve,  
'Tis that themselves did none observe,  
For which nor flesh they did deserve,  
nor Fishes.

But some (perhaps) will say that Lent  
Affords them not what here is ment,  
So much, so good; and that they went  
without it.

'Tis like: but if I add a dish  
Or twain or three of Flesh or Fish,  
They either had, or did it wish,  
ne'r doubt it.

Then wipe your mouth while I declare  
The goodness of this Lenten fare,  
Which is in Prison very rare,  
I tell ye.

*Furmity* as sweet as any nut, *the supper.*

As good as ever swill'd a gut,

And butter sweet as e're was put

in belly

Eggs



*The Counter-Scuffle.*

7

Eggs by the dozen new and good,  
Which in white salt uprightly stood,  
And meats which heat and stir the blood  
to action.

As butter'd *Crabs*, and *Lobsters* red,  
Which send the married pair to bed,  
And in loose bloods have often bred  
a faction.

Fish butter'd to the platters brim,  
And Parsnips did in butter swim,  
Strew'd o're with butter neat and trim,  
salt *Sammon*.

*Smelts* cry'd, come eat me do not stay;  
*Fresh-Cod* and *Maids* full neatly lay,  
And next to these a lusty Ba-  
con *Gammon*.

Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,  
Well stufft with Sage, and for the smack,  
Daintily strew'd with Pepper black,  
Sous'd *Gurnet*.

*Pickrel*, *Sturgeon*, *Tench* and *Trout*,  
Meat far too good for such a rout  
To tumble, toss, and throw about,  
and spurn it.

The next a *Neats-Tongue* neatly dry'd,  
*Mustark* and *Sugar* by his side,  
*Roches* butter'd, *Flounders* fry'd,  
hot *Custard*.  
*Eels*



8 *The Counter-Scuffle.*

Eels boyl'd and broyl'd ; and next they bring  
Herring, that is the Fishes King,  
And then a Courtly Poul of Ling  
and Mustard.

But stay, I had almost forgot  
The flesh which still stands piping hot,  
Some from the spit, some from the pot  
new taken.

A shoulder and a leg of Mutton,  
As good as ever knife was put on,  
Which never was by a true Glutton  
for taken.

A Loyn of Veal that would have dar'd  
One of the stoutest of the Guard  
And they sometimes will feed full hard,  
like tall men.

And such as love the lusty Chine ;  
But when that I shall sup or dine,  
God grant they be no Guests of mine  
of all men.

Thus the descriptions are compleat,  
Which I have made of them and meat ?  
Mars aid me now while I repeat  
the battle.

Where pots and stools were us'd as gins  
To break each others heads and shins,  
Where blows did make bones in their skins  
to rattle.  
Where

Where men to madness never ceast  
Till each (furious as a beast)  
Had spoyl'd the fashion of a Feast  
full dainty.

Whereon (had they nat been accurst)  
They might have fed till bellies burst,  
But *Ellis* shew'd himself the worst  
of twenty.

For he began this mostrous braul,  
Which afterwards incens'd them all  
To throw the meat about the Hall  
that even.

And now give ear unto the jar  
That fell between these men of war,  
VWherein so many harmless skar  
was given.

The board thus furnisht each man late,  
Some fell to feeding some to prate,  
'Mong whom a jarring question strait  
was risen.

For they grew hotly in dispute  
VWhat calling was of most repute;  
'Twas well their wits were so acute  
in prison.

VWhile they discours'd, the Parson blythe,  
Fed as he meant to have the tythe  
Of every dish, being sharp as sythe  
in feeding.  
But



But haste had almost made him choke,  
 Or else (perhaps) he would have spoke  
 In praise of his long thread-bare cloke  
 and breeding.

But after a deliberat pause,  
 The *Lawyer* spoke, as he had cause,  
 In commendation of the *Laws*  
 profession.

The *Law* (quoth he) by a just doom  
 Doth censure all that to it come,  
 And still defends the innocent from  
 oppression.

It favours truth, it curbs the hope  
 Of Vice; it gives allegiance scope,  
 Provides a gallows and a rope  
 for treason.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it  
 Which makes us here in Prison sit,  
 Which grounded is on holy writ  
 and reason.

To which all men must subject be,  
 As we by daily proof do see,  
 From highest to the low'st degree;  
 the Scholar,

Noble and rich it doth subdue,  
 The Souldier and his swaggering crew:  
 but at that word the Captain grew  
 in cholar.

He



*The Counter-scuffle.*

11

He look'd full grim, and at first word  
Rapt out an Oath that shook the board  
And struck his fist that the loud roar'd  
like thunder.

It made all skip that stood him near,  
The frighted *Custard* quak'd for fear,  
And those that heard it, stricken were  
with wonder.

Naught did he now but frown and puff,  
And having star'd, and swore enough,  
Thus he began in language rough,  
tho cogging.

Base foysting *Lawyer*, that dost set  
Thy mind on nothing, but to get  
Thy living by thy damned pet-  
tifogging.

A Slave, that shall for half a Crown,  
With Buckram Bag, and dagled Gown,  
Wait like a Dog about the Town,  
and follow

A business on the Devi's part,  
For Fees, tho nor with Law nor Art,  
But head as empty as thy heart  
is hollow.

You stay at home and pocket Fees,  
While we abroad our bloods do leese,  
And then with such base terms as these  
you wrong us ;  
But

But Lawyer, it is safer far  
 For thee to prattle at a Bar,  
 Than once to shew thy face i' th' war  
 among us.

VVhere to defend such thankless Hinds,  
 The Soldier little quiet finds,  
 But is expos'd to stormy winds  
 and weathers.

And oft in blood he wades full deep,  
 Your throats from forreign swords to keep,  
 And wakes when you securely sleep  
 in feathers.

VVhat could your Laws and Statutes do  
 Against invasions of a foe,  
 Did not the valiant Soldier go  
 to quell 'em.

And to prevent your further harms,  
 VVith Ensign, Fife, and loud alarms,  
 Or warlike Drums, by force of Arms  
 repell 'em.

Your Trespas. Action will not stand  
 For setting foot upon your Land,  
 VVhen they in scorn of your command  
 come hither.

No remedy in Court of *Pouls*,  
 In *Common-Pleas*, or in their *Rouls*,  
 For jouling of your *jobbernouls*  
 together.  
 VVer't



*The Counter.Scuffle.*

13

VVer't not for us, thou *Swad* (quoth he)

VWhere wouldst thou go to get a fee?

But to defend such things as thee

'tis pity.

For such as thou esteem us least,

VWho ever have been ready prest

To guard you and your *Cuckoes* nest,

the City.

That very word made *Ellis* start,

And all his blood ran to his heart;

He shook, and quak'd in every part

with anger.

He lookt as if nought might assuage

The heat of his enflamed rage;

His very countenance did preface

some danger.

*A Cuckoes nest?* quoth he and so

He humm'd and held his full low,

As if distracted thoughts did o-

verpress him

At length, quoth he, my Mother sed,

At *Bristow* she was brought a-bed,

And there was *Ellis* born and bred,

(God blefs him,

Of *London* City I am free,

And there I first my wife did see,

And for that very cause, quoth he,

I love it

An

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

And he that calls it *Cuckoes* nett,  
 Except he says he speaks in jest,  
 He is a Villain and a Beast,

I'll prove it :

This I'll maintain, nor do I care  
 Tho Captain *Pot-gun* stamp and stare,  
 And swagger, swear, and tear his hair

in fury.

And with the hazard of my blood,  
 I'll fight up to the knees in mud,  
 But I will make my quarrel good,

assure ye.

For tho I am a man of Trade,  
 And free of *London* City made,  
 Yet can I use *Gun, Bill and Blade*

in battel ;

And Citizens, if need require,  
 Themselves can force the Foe retire,  
 What-ever this *Low-Country* Spuire

do prattle,

For we have Soldiers of our own,  
 Able enough to guard the Town,  
 And Captains of most fair renown

about it.

If any Foe should fight again,  
 And set on us with all their train,  
 We'll make him to retire again,

ne'r doubt it.

We



*The Counter-Scuffle.*

15

We have fought well in dangers past,  
And will do while our lives do last,  
Without the help of any cast

Commander.

That hither come compell'd by want,  
With rusty Swords, and Suites provant,  
From *Utrich, Nemiguen, or Gaunt*

in *Flanders.*

The Captain could no longer hold,  
But looking fiercely, plainly told  
The Citizen, he was too bold,

he call'd him.

Proud Boy, and for his sawcy speech,  
Did vow shortly to whip his breech :

Then *Ellis* snatch't the pot, with which

*The Scuffle.*

he mall'd him.

He threw the Jugg, and therewithal  
Did give the Captain such a maul  
As made him thump against the wall

his crupper.

With that the Captain took a dish  
That stood brim-full of butter'd fish,  
As good as any heart could wish

to Supper.

And as he threw his foot did slide,  
Which turn'd his arm and dish aside,  
And all be-butterfishide

*Nick Ballat :*

*And*

And he (good man) did none disease;  
 But sitting quiet, and at his ease,  
 With butter'd *Roches* thought to please  
 his palat.

But when he felt the wrong he had,  
 He rag'd and swore, and grew stark mad;  
 Some in the room been better had  
 without him;

For he took hold of any thing;  
 And first he caught the *Poul* of *Ling*,  
 Which he courageously did fling  
 about him.

Out of his hand it flew apace,  
 And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,  
 Who at the board in highest place  
 was seated.

And as the *Lawyer* thought to rise,  
 The salt was thrown into his eyes,  
 Which him of sight in woful wise  
 defeated.

All things near hand, *Nick Ballat* threw,  
 At length his butter'd *Roches* flew,  
 And hit by chance among the crew,  
 the Parson:

The sauce his Coat did all bewet,  
 The *Priest* began to fume and fret,  
 The Seat was butter'd which he set  
 his — on:



The *Printer* having a Blank Page,  
thought it not amiss to Com-  
memorate the Noble March of  
One of the most Victorious  
Generals for Liberty *Europe* ever  
had.

---

A DIALOGUE between the  
*Danube* and the *Rhine*, on the  
DUKE's Expedition into  
GERMANY.

THE *Danube* stood amaz'd to see such Ranks  
Of unexpected Legions on her Banks;  
And asks the *RHINE*, *Whence comes that numerous Brood,*  
*That Tread and Triumph o'er my Glorious Flood,*  
*And Stain my Water with whole streams of Blood?*  
To whom, the *Rhine*! These are Great *THETT's* SONS,  
*Achillis*, and his Warlike Myrmidons:  
The Ocean's *HERS*, Her Children all are Free;  
Her Empire shines with Golden Liberty.  
With Languid Eyes She view'd your Bleeding Land,  
And for your Rescue, sent this mighty Band;  
*Pallas* with *Jove*, did strive who should Out-doe,  
To bring the Heroe and his Arms to YOU,  
And glut your Bowels with a *French Ragoo*:  
Like Lightning he o'er many Regions flies,  
His Dreadful Thunder Penetrates the Skies;  
Relieves your Captive Cities, Clears the Field,  
And whom he does not Kill, do gladly Yield:  
With Heaps of *Hectoring* Foes your Current Chokes,  
And bravely Freed you from your *Servile* Yokes.

On the D U K E's going to  
G E R M A N Y in a private  
Capacity, 1712.

G O Mighty Prince, and those Great Nations see,  
Which thy Victorious Arms before made free,  
View that fam'd Column where thy Name's Ingrav'd  
Shall tell their Children who their Empire sav'd.  
Point out that Marble where thy Worth is shown  
To every Country Grateful, but thy own,  
Oh! Censure underserv'd, unequal Fate,  
Which strove to lessen him, who made her Great.  
When Pamper'd with Success, and Rich in Fame  
Extol'd his Conquests, but Condemn'd his Name,  
But Vertue is a Crime, when Plac'd on High  
Tho' all the Faults in the Beholders Eye.  
Yet he untouch'd, as in the Heat of Warrs,  
Flies from no Dangers, but Intestine Jarrs,  
He Grieves that we Contemn for what he Fought,  
Blushing to see our Blood no better Bought.  
Disdain'd in Faction's Parties to Contend,  
And proves in Absence most *Britania's* Friend.  
So the Great *SCIPIO*, of Old to shun,  
The Glorious Envy which his Arms had Won.  
Far from his Dear, ungrateful *Rome* Retir'd,  
Prepar'd when e're his Country's Cause Requir'd,  
To shine in Peace or War, and be again Admir'd.

F I N I S.



He knew not what to do or say,  
It was in vain to *Preach* or *Pray*,  
Or cry, *You are all gone astray*  
good people :

He might as well go strive to teach  
Divinity beyond his reach ;  
Or when the Bells ring out, go preach  
i' th' Steeple.

At this mischance the silly man  
Out of the Room would fain have ran,  
And very angrily began  
to mutter.

Ill luck had he, for after that  
One threw the *Parsnips* full of fat ;  
Which stuck like Broaches on his Hat  
with butter :

Out of the place he soon repairs,  
And ran half headlong down the stairs,  
And made complaint to Mr. *Aires*  
with crying.

Up ran he to know the matter,  
And found how they the things did scatter,  
Here a Trencher, there a Platter  
were lying.

I dare not say he stunk for wo,  
Nor will, unless I did it know,  
But some there be that dare say so,  
that smelt him ;  
Nor

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

Nor could ye blame him if he did,  
 For they threw dishes at his head,  
 And did with eggs and loaves of bread  
 bepelt him

He thrust himself into the throng,  
 And us'd the vertue of his tongue,  
 But what could one mans words among  
 so many?

The candles all were shuffled out,  
 The Vittels flew afresh about ;  
 Was never such a combat fought  
 by any

Now in the dark was all the coyl;  
 Some were bloody in the broyl,  
 And some were steep in *Sallet-Oyl*  
 and *Mustard*

The sight would make a man afear'd:  
 Another had a butter'd bear'd,  
 Another's face was all besmear'd  
 with *Custard*.

Others were daub'd up to the knee  
 With butter'd *Fish* and *Furmity* ;  
 And some the men could scarcely see  
 that beat 'em.

Under the board *Lluellin* lay,  
 Being sore frighted with the fray  
 And as the weapons flew that way  
 he eat 'em  
*w. Lluellin a prisoner there, sometime keeper.*  
 The



*The Counter scuffle.*

19

The bread stuck in the windows *all*,  
Like bullets in a Castle-wall,  
Which furious foes did seek to scale

*in battel,*

Shoulders of Mutton, and loyns of veal  
appointed for to serve the meal,  
About their ears full many a peal

*did rattle,*

The which, when *Owen Blany* spy'd,  
Oh, take away their arms, he cry'd,  
Lest some great hurt do them betide,

*One of the Under keepers*

*prevent it*

And then away the Knave did steal  
Of food that *fell*, no little deal,  
And in his house at many a meal

*he spent it.*

The Captain ran the rest among,  
As eager to revenge the wrong  
Done by the pot which *Ellis* flung

*so stoutly,*

And angry *Ellis* fought about  
To find the furious Captain out;  
At length they met, and then they fought  
*devoutly.*

Now being met, they never lin,  
*Till* with their loud robustious din  
The room and *all* that was therein

*did rumble*

*Instead*

Instead of weapons made of Steel,  
 The Captain took a salted Eel,  
 And at each blow made *Ellis* reel  
 and tumble.

*Ellis* a *Pippin-Pye* had got,  
 A forer weapon than the pot ;  
 For lo, the apples being hot,  
 did scald him.

The Captain laid about him still,  
 As if he would poor *Ellis* kill,  
 And with his Eel with a good will  
 he mall'd him.

At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art  
 A Fellow of a couragious heart,  
 Yield now, and I will take thy part  
 hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, much I scorn to hear  
 Thy words of threat, being free from fear :  
 With which he hardly could forbear  
 from laughter.

Together then afresh they fly,  
 The Eel against the *Pippin-Pye* :  
 But *Blaney* stood there purposely  
 to watch 'em.

The weapons wherewithal they fought,  
 Were those for which he chiefly fought,  
 And with an eager stomach thought  
 to catch 'em.  
 But



*The Counter Jcuffle.*

21

But scap't not now so well away  
As at the *Veal* and *Mutton* fray ;  
He thought to have with such a prey  
his jaws fed :

But all his hope did turn aside,  
He lookt for that which luck deny'd,  
For *Ellis* all be-*Pippin-py'd*  
his Calves-head.

Wo was the case that he was in,  
The hot apples did so scald his skin ;  
His skul as it had rotten been  
did quoddle.

With that one fool among the rout  
Made out-cry all the house about,  
That *Blaney's* Brains were beaten out  
his noddle.

Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would see  
What all that coyl and stir might be  
And up the stairs his guts and he  
*A Turnkey, Fat Fellow.* went wadling.

But when he came the chamber near,  
Behind the door he stood to hear ;  
For in he durst not come for fear  
of swadling :

There stood he in a frightful case ;  
And as by chance he stir'd his face,  
Full in the mouth a butter'd Place  
did hit him.

Away he sneaks, and with his tongue  
 He licks and swallow'd up the wrong,  
 And as he went the room along

be——him.

For help now doth poor *Lockwood* cry,  
 O bring a Surgeon, or I die,  
 My guts out of my belly fly,

come quickly,

*Blaney* with open mouth likewise  
 For present help of Surgeon cries ;  
 Pity a man, quoth he, that lies

so sickly

*Phillips* the skilful Surgeon then,  
 Was call'd, and call'd, and call'd agen  
 If he had skill to cure these men,

to shew it

At length he comes, and first he puts  
 His hands to feel for *Lockwood's* guts ;  
 Which came not forth so sweet as nuts,

all know it.

He cries for water, in the mean  
 One calls up *Madge* the Kitchen-Queen,  
 To take and make the Baby clean,

and clout it,

Fast by the nose she took the Squall,  
 And led them softly through the Hall,  
 Left the perfume through knees should fall,

about it

She



She turn'd his hose beneath the knee,  
Nor could she choose but laugh to see  
That yellow, which was wont to be  
a white breech.

She took the dish-clout off the shelf,  
And with it wip'd the sh—— elf,  
Which had not wit to help it self,  
poor —— breech.

Thus leaving *Lockwood* all bewraid  
Unto the mercy of the maid,  
*Who well* deserved to be paid  
for taking

Such homely pains: now let us call  
Our thoughts back on the stir that's past,  
And them whose bones could not in haste  
leave aking

And, like the candles, shall my Pen  
Shew you these Gallants once agen,  
Which now like *Furies*, not like men  
appeared.

Fresh lights being brought t'appease the brall,  
Shew twenty mad men in the Hall,  
With blood and sauce their faces all  
besmeared.

Their clothes were rent, and soue'd in drink  
Oyl, Mustard, Butter, and the stink  
Which *Lockwood* left, woud make one think  
in sadness,  
That

That these so monstrous creatures dwell  
 Either in *Bedlam* or in *Hell*,  
 Or that no tongue or pen can tell  
 their madness.

They were indeed disfigur'd so,  
 Friend knew not friend, nor foe his foe ;  
 For each man feare himself did know :

But after  
 A frantick staring round about,  
 They suddenly did quit their doubt,  
 And loudly all at once brake out  
 in laughter.

The heat of all now is allaid,  
 The Keepers gently do perswade ;  
 And (as before) all friends are made  
 full kindly.

*Ellis* the Captain doth imbrace,  
 The Captain doth return the grace,  
 And so do all men in the place  
 as friendly.

By *Jove*, I love thee, *Ellis* cry'd ;  
 The Captain soon as much reply'd :  
 Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd,  
 and *Vulcan*.

With *Mars* at odds again shall be  
 Ere any jars 'twixt me and thee ;  
 And thereupon I drink to thee  
 a full Can.

And



*The Counter-Scuffle.*

25

And then he kneel'd upon the ground:  
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round  
For ever shall be held renown'd,  
and never,

May any quarrel 'twixt us twain  
Arise, or this renew again,  
But may we loving friends remain  
for ever.

Amen, cry'd the Captain, and so did all;  
And so the Health went round the Hall;  
And thus the famous *Counter-Brawl*  
was ended.

But hunger now did vex them more  
Then all their anger did before;  
They seach'd i'th' Room how far their store  
extended.

They want the Meat which *Blany* stole;  
One find a *Herring* in a hole,  
With dirt and dust black as a cole,  
and trodden

All under foot. The next in post,  
Snaps up and feeds on what was lost,  
And looks not whether it were rost  
or sodden.

A third finds in another place  
A piece of *Ling* in dirty case,  
And mustard in his fellows face.  
Another  
Espies,

Espies, and finds a loaf of bread,  
A dish of butter all bespread,  
And struck upon anothers head

i'th' pother.

Thus what they found, contented some :  
At length the Keeper brings a Broom,  
Meaning therewith to cleanse the Room

with sweeping.

But under Table on the ground  
Looking to sweep, by chance he found  
*Lluelling* faining to be found-

ly sleeping.

He pull'd him out so swift by th' heels,  
As if his bum did run on wheels,  
And found his pocket stuff with Eels :

His cod-piece

Did plenty of of Provision bring,  
Somewhat it held of ev'ry thing,  
*Smelts, Flounders, Roches, and of Ling*  
a broad piece.

At this discovery each man round  
Took equal share of what was found,  
Which afterwards they freely drown'd  
in good drink.

For of good Beer there was good store,  
Till all were glad to give it o're ;  
For each man did enough and more  
that would drink.

And



*The Counter-Scuffle.*

27

And when they thus had drank and fed,  
As if no quarrel had been bred;  
They all shook hands, and all to bed  
did shuffle.

*Ellis, the glory of the Town,*  
With that brave Captain of Renown  
And thus I end this famous Coun-  
ter-Scuffle.

*The End of the Counter-Scuffle.*

The

# THE Irish Entertainment.

**F**rom Carrick, where the Noble *Ormond* met,  
*Kilkenny's* supreme Councillors to treat  
 Of *Ireland's* Peace; after I let fly  
 At the lean half-boyl'd fresh-beef *Ord'nary*.  
 All my own shillings, and the truth to tell ye,  
 One more I borrow'd of my friend *Jack Belly*.  
 'Twas time, I thought, to make a quick departure  
 With my Comrade, *Ned Griffith*, to free-quarter.  
 So calling *Ned*, said I, he that long carries  
 In this Town, will not find it like *Beau-Morris*.  
 Where, when we wanted 12 *d.* we might dine  
 Like Dukes, and only cry, *Peg*, this makes nine.  
 Here's no kind Tap-wife, nor Confiding Cook,  
 Will let you eat and drink, and smoke by th' Book.  
 A just man should we grant you of that sort  
 Can't live by Faith here, tho there's Scripture for't.  
 But when your pocket's empty, faith, Sir, you  
 Must look your belly should even be so too.  
 To the Country then, where we our Genius pamper  
 With mustard and salt beef, mutton and sampher,  
 And yet no Trencher shall after a feast  
 Make us repent the fowling of the rest:  
 And reasons there are many do perswade one,  
 That by our Landlord we shall much be made on.  
 For my Lord President hath wrote a Letter  
 That he should treat us like our selves, or better.

And



And then for certain, he's a man of bounty,  
 For, heark, *Ned*, he's High Sheriff of the County.  
 Besides, he's of the *Poor's*, and so must be  
 By consequence, of our own Family.  
 They say that he keeps dogs too, and will course  
 The *Hare* most fiercely, but the *Fox* much worse.  
 And, *Faith*, *Ned* thou'rt a lad whom any right  
 Good fellow will bid welcome at first sight:  
 Thy countenance so roscie, straight inveigles,  
 And to say truth, we both are pretty Beagles.  
 This pleas'd *Ned* well, and strait he got two able  
 Horses out of my Lord Lieutenant's Stable.  
 And to confine, 'twixt dinner time and supper  
 We march'd with our *Portmanteus* at our crupper,  
 When we came there, we certain structures saw  
 All perrywigg'd with rushes and with straw.  
 So even and like, that *Ned* swore by his Maker  
 Some *Levellor* had been the Fabricator:  
 So that to us 'twas not distinguishable  
 Which was the Mansion, which the Barn or Stable.  
*Ned*, he alights, and leads (God bless us all)  
 His horse into his Worship's very Hall;  
 And looking round about, cries in great anger  
 This stable it hath neither rack nor manger.  
 Peace, *Ned*, quoth *I*, prethee be not so hasty;  
 This Room's no Stable, tho it be as hasty;  
 I see a Harp and Chimney, and I dare  
 Say there was Fire in't before the War:  
 So this is no place for your horse you see,  
 'Tis for as very beasts, I'm sure, quoth he.  
 I wish'd him advis'd what he spake there.  
 For should such words come to the Sheriff's ear,  
 'Twas gold to silver but he would be at us  
 Ere we were aware, with a *Posse Comitatus*.  
 Out *Ned* went laughing; I, as 'tis my fashion,  
 Fell strait into a serious Contemplation.  
 If the High-Sheriff such a mean dwelling have,  
 Obone, Obone, what has his under Knave?

But searching farther, one, whose unsol'd shoes  
 Like fetters hung about his feet came to us ;  
 And for our Horses, said, he'd show a Room,  
 I ask'd him if he were the Sheriffs Groom ?  
 No, Sir, said he, his first-born, and I can  
 For need, supply the Office of his man.  
 I cry'd him mercy, wist him not be crost,  
 So off went my hat, off went his almost.  
 He bid us go to that house, so we took  
 Our way to th' place, Ned and his horse mistook.  
 And after we a little there had wander'd,  
 In came the Man which prov'd to be our Landlord ;  
 Who for his Face and Garb, might pretty well  
 Pass *English* muster for Head-Constable.  
 I with fit ceremony towards him went,  
 And gave him th' Letter from th' Lord President.  
 He lookt, and read it, and, for ought I know  
 We welcome were, but he ne'r told us so :  
 Opening his mouth at length, he ask'd us how  
 Corn sold beyond Seas, and if men did Plow ?  
 When, and for what occasion we came o're,  
 And if we ever had been there before ?  
 I answer'd so as pleas'd him, I think ;  
 For strait he bid the Buttlr bring some drink ;  
 But seeing him in half-pint dish of wood  
 Sip like a Maid, thought I, this means no good  
 Companion, or else the Beer's but small,  
 Both which did prove too true, and this is all  
 My comfort ; now I hop'd to find good fare,  
 And then for Table-tipple 'twas most rare.  
 Now for Supper, the round board being spread,  
 The *Pan* a dish of cosle'd Onions led ;  
 I th' body led a salted tail of Samon,  
 And in the rear some rank Potatoes came on.  
 To comfort Ned, said I, a short repast  
 Must serve this *Wednesday* night, 'cause 'tis a fast.  
 But Mr. *Sheriff* the next meal will mend it  
 To our content ; quoth Ned, I pray God send it.



We sate, and soon had made an end of it, I trow,  
 A clean board, if our napkins had been so :  
 But opening one of them, I tell you truth,  
 My stomach was got full before my mouth.  
 At length it came into my fancy, that  
 They might be reliques oyl'd with holy fat ;  
 And that the Apostles when the Paschal Lamb  
 Was eaten, dipped their fingers on the same.  
 Our Landlord fed well, and seeing us to eat  
 Nothing, bid us both welcome to his meat.  
 And having done, he crost himself all o're,  
 His Supper had so done for us before.  
 When bed-time came, he bade one with a light  
 Conduct us where we were to lodge that night.  
 He had himself gone with us, I dare say,  
 But that his Chamber did not lye that way.  
 So to a Room we came of which 'tis all,  
 I thought 'twas correspondent to his Hall.  
 Quoth Ned, I'll not unsheath, tho I am drowsie,  
 These Sheets were us'd before, and may be lowfie.  
 What then said I, do'st thou not know thou noddy,  
 Fresh linnen is not wholesome for the body.  
 And lice are here no more an infamy  
 Than red-hair is the Nation's leachery.  
 So down we fell to sleep, full well inclin'd,  
 But through the gaping Wall came such a Wind,  
 That from my head my night-cap this is true,  
 To the further side of all the Hall it blew,  
 And had there been in my fantastick pate  
 As many Windmills as I saw of late  
 Near Wexford, 'twould have wheel'd them all about,  
 And from my nose e're since, like a Still spout,  
 Such distillation fell, you'd guess by this,  
 My head were what the Prophet wished his.  
 Now, 'cause we could not sleep, we fell to pray  
 More then we us'd, but 'twas for nought but day.  
 By the Lord, quoth Ned, the Sun, if he should sup  
 And lodge like us, at midnight would get up.

And

And I should tumble less, and sleep more, had I  
 Instead of thee, dead *Ned*, some handsome body.  
 But there's no night so long but has his morn,  
 And so had this which if we had been born  
 Stark blind, we had not been so glad to see,  
 No alarm'd Soldier could more quick than we  
 Leap from his bed, and sooner dress himself;  
 So down we went, and plaid till hour the twelfth.  
 Then was the Table cover'd, but the same  
 Linnea we saw for Fish and Flesh-meat came:  
 Platters as formerly were brought in odd,  
*Pork, pork and pork*; two boyl'd the other sod.  
 I'll hang for't but he thought us *Scots* or *Jews*,  
 And brought for's not to eat but to refuse.  
 But we fell on with all our main and might,  
 Urg'd by two reasons, hunger and despite.  
 His napkins fatness, leanness of his meat,  
 Nor want of salt, could hinder us to eat.  
 Nor henceforth shall his *Eus* and *Embers* too,  
 Save him ought, for at one meal we eat two.  
 Devouring Swines-flesh so, that he shall dress  
 Some better meat, in hopes we'll eat the less:  
 And so live and endure till we be  
 Released next general Goal-delivery.  
 Mean time, if any man think I have told  
 More then the truth, let him come and behold;  
 And finding it not thus, I shall desire  
 To be thought what I would, I were a lyer.  
 And let that man that shall dislike my rime,  
 Know that I've made better twenty times.  
 Nor was my *Muse* in fault now, but the *Liquor*,  
 Had the Ale been stronger, th' wit had been much quicker.  
 Who drinks the same I'll lay my Ink and Pen on't,  
 He'll write as bad; God ble's my Lord *Lieutenant*.

FINIS.



I  
y.

c

twelfth.

ame :

ad,

her lod.

r Fern.

st.

gus,

c.

too,

wo.

rels

is :

chold;

lyer.

ne,

cs.

Liquor,

been much of

Pen on't.

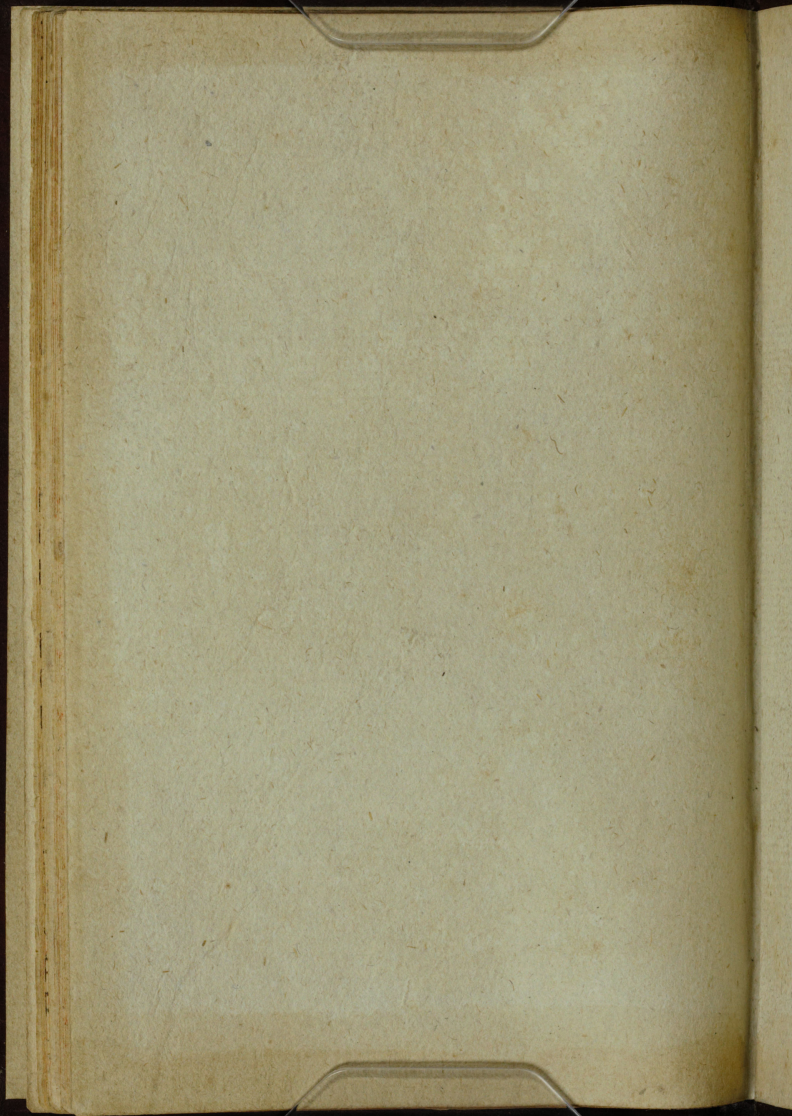
Lienewant.

law

on not

had

all-gol





2323085

